

## CURRENT VERSE

## WAITING.

By Ninette M. Lowater.

Later and later the day comes up,  
Sooner and sooner the sun goes down;  
There are blurs of gray in the sky's blue cup,  
And the wind moans softly through the town.

The noons are warm and the sunsets bright,  
But the birds are gone, the flowers are dead,  
And the level shafts of morning light  
Find a veil of frost on the green grass spread.

The leaves still cling to the parent trees,  
But their ranks are thinning day by day;  
They are caught away by the vagrant breeze,  
Like the frolicsome kitten at its play.

There's a tenseness in the mellow air,  
A boding stillness, a sense of doom,  
And earth, which late was gay and fair,  
Is waiting for winter's snow and gloom.

## A FABLE OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

By A. M. Adams.

I asked a lady for her hand;  
She didn't stop a minute.  
She said: "My heart's already yours,  
You do not have to win it."

I told the lady I was poor,  
I thought it might upset her;  
She said: "I do not give a darn,  
I like you that way better."

I said we'd ask the whole town in,  
I felt a bit like spreading;  
She would not stand for it at all,  
She wished a quiet wedding.

And when she bought her wedding gown,  
Imagine such a stunt, sir,  
She got a simple sort of thing  
That buttoned down the front, sir.

Our golden wedding came at last,  
This story had no moral;  
Each one declared to all the guests  
We'd never had a quarrel.

—N. Y. Sun.

## MOTHER.

I am the pillars of the house;  
The keystone of the arch am I,  
Take me away, and roof and wall  
Would fall to ruin utterly.

I am the fire upon the hearth.  
I am the light of the good sun.  
I am the heat that warms the earth,  
Which else were colder than a stone.

At me the children warm their hands;  
I am their light of love alive,  
Without me cold the hearthstone stands,  
Nor could the precious children thrive.

I am the twist that holds together  
The children in its sacred ring,  
Their knot of love, from whose close tether  
No lost child goes a-wandering.

I am the house from floor to roof,  
I deck the walls, the board I spread;  
I spin the curtains, warp and woof,  
And shake the down to be their bed.

I am their wall against all danger,  
Their door against the wind and snow.  
Thou whom a woman laid in manger,  
Take me not till the children grow!  
—From Katharine Tynan's "New Poems."

## IN THE STREETS.

Louis Untermeyer.

Boy, my boy, it is lonely in the city;  
Days that have no pity and the nights without  
a tear  
Follow all too slowly and I can no more dissemble.  
I am frightened and I tremble—and I would  
that you were here.  
O boy—God keep you!

Boy, my boy, I had sworn to weep no longer;  
Time I thought was stronger than the whispers  
long gone by,  
The ardent looks, the eager words, the little love  
and hurried—  
But they all come back unburied and not one of  
them will die.  
O boy—God save you!

Boy, my boy—you were glad with youth and  
power;  
Your joy was like a flower that you wore upon  
your sleeve;  
And wherever you may go there'll be a girl with  
eyes that glisten,  
A girl to wait and listen—and a girl for you to  
leave.

O boy—God help her!

## UPS AND DOWNS.

By Nathan M. Levy.

The pen is worked in many ways  
By various mortals in the town.  
The apt accountant writes books up,  
The capacious critic writes them down.

Since everything else is protected by insurance,  
why don't they open a department for the  
purpose of securing society parents against elop-  
ing daughters?—Town Topics.

Delighted Mamma—Oh—professor, what do  
you think of little Arthur as a violinist?  
Professor—I like the way he puts the fiddle  
back into the case.—Chicago Daily News.

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